

133 and more prehistoric volcanic rocks and lava formations, slate flattened by pressure during millions of years, granite formed of sandstone ground up and re-formed by intense heat, porphyry and mica. The Province is not only old in so far as its history is concerned. Long before history began, what is now Salzburg was steeped in ancient lore—a lore which indefinably conveys its message to man, slowing down the steps of those who tread its soil and enriching their minds.

Seen as a whole, the contours of Salzburg Province may be compared to one of those mid-summer cloud edifices, the cumuli, which, bathed in the rosy light of evening, pile curve upon curve in baroque extravagance, rising to a slender spire. [79] At this narrow extremity, close to Bavaria, lies the formerly famous but nowadays little known Benedictine monastery of Michlbeuern with its romanesque church and the statue of the venerable Meinrad Guggenbichler, whose carved church doors with the moving figures of Mary and Elisabeth in Irnsdorf, to the south-east, are all too little prized.

This northern part of Salzburg, characterised by pleasant hills, the lakes of Mattsee and Wallersee lying amidst green meadows and sub-alpine vegetation which often merges into moors with their reeds and heather, is crowned by the chief city of the Province.

361 When first approaching the city from the station, the visitor has no inkling of Salzburg's venerable beauty. The broad street is flanked on the left by the embankment of the main line to Bavaria, a pebbled walk beneath chestnut trees, placards, a kiosk. Later come grocery stores, inns, paper shops, hotels and souvenir shops, as in many another provincial town. The unusual, the characteristic note of Salzburg is struck quite suddenly by the Mirabell Palace, in the Rainerstrasse. Now rises curtain after curtain to disclose the Salzburg of legend and romance. The Dreifaltigkeitsgasse leads past the Seminary to the first church of Fischer von Erlach. Thence beneath the Sautter Archway one reaches the Linzerstrasse which from time immemorial has borne the traffic through Salzburg. The Romans themselves passed along this delightful highway, coming from the direction of Radstadt to cross the Tauern Mountains.

Tower after tower crowned by the glittering symbol of Christianity pierces the blue morning sky above the ancient heart of the city on the left bank, the church spires seeming almost to reach





Villach, 17th Century.

in the ring of castles surrounding St. Veit, of which the famous Hochosterwitz may be called a "Carinthian Graß", in the castles crowning Friesach and in the fortified mansions near the Italian frontier. A later creation of these proud overlords was Klagenfurt, now the chief town of the Province. Sheltered by the castles and towns splendid buildings arose—in Klagenfurt the Provincial Diet Hall, in Spittal-on-the-Drau a dream of early Renaissance in the shape of the Palazzo Porcia. Here and elsewhere grew up many a comfortable burgher's house which spoke of prosperity resulting from thrived trading, and some fine churches.

The Napoleonic times did not spare peaceful Carinthia. General Bonaparte marched through the Province in 1797. The Imperial grenadiers occupied it in 1805 and 1809. Open rebellion against the foreign conqueror was organized by Johann Baptist Turk, the Carinthian Andreas Hofer. He moved too early in the day to be successful and it was not until 1814, under Metternich, that the great hour of liberation from foreign rule struck.

During the stormy year of 1848 the inner unity of Carinthia was again demonstrated. It was the same during the first World War, the mountain

saddle of the Pack into the Graz basin, thus affording a quicker and more comfortable connection with Styria than is provided by the railway which runs by way of Friesach and the Neumarkt Saddle. On the southern slopes the peasants' houses lie at very high altitudes. The Benedictine monastery of St. Paul, a well-known educational centre, is situated here. In the mountains are iron ore and coal. The wind sweeps through the extensive forests, and across flower covered fields in which the blue squill, a child of the South, is still to be found.

FURIOSO. South of the west-east line which the Gail-Drau Valley cuts through Carinthia, at the foot of the frontier wall formed by the Carnic-Julian Alps and the Karawanken, the melody of the landscape is different again. After the *Andante* of the Hohen Tauern and *Allegro* of the Noric Alps which is transformed into the softer airs of the Lavant Valley, comes the wild *Furioso* of the storm-swept Kalkgebirge.

Between the Gail and the Drau, the Gailtaler Alps sometimes rise to a height of 6000 feet. To the south they fall away in impressive walls of rock. On the more gentle northern slopes

did their grandfathers before them. On holidays they wear the sober Maximilian miner's formal dress as has been the custom for centuries. Work above ground has made the old shafts obsolete, a giant electric crane replaced the old trucks.

Three roads once led to Vorderberg, on the other side of the Eiberg. The brown one brought iron ore, the black one coal and the white, flour. Up to the time of Emperor Joseph II this once-monthly mining and industrial town had the trading monopoly for all iron ore smelted there. Since Donawitz has been able to draw coal from Seegraben, the blast furnaces of Vorderberg have fallen on evil days.

Styria is also called "The Green March", because of the woods which cover the spurs of the alps, as vast forests in the heights and as cool coverts between the vineyards of the lowlands. They are peopled by mountain dwellers of ancient and hardy stock such as the Archduke Johann knew and loved. That princely friend of the people rescued the Province from economic and mental decay, making of it a pleasant garden where the concerns founded and encouraged by him exist today. Johann gave proof of his love for Styria by taking one of its daughters for his wife. The people and the forests have grown together to make up what is implied by the term "forest motherland."

IN THE CAPITAL

The pleasantest way to reach Graz is to cross the Riet. The road descends in ever-sharper curves until after one steep drop one finds oneself facing the five terraces of the town. At once the eye is caught by the Schlossberg with its corpulent Clock Tower.

A sky of southern blue sets off the grey stones of the main square. Outside the Rathaus the flower and vegetable market is a riot of colour. The character

of provincial nobility, originally built for defence and as a refuge for the villagers, which today illustrate modern farming methods or have become seats of responsible national education. Castle Neudau, the old Wasserburg may be named as one example of many.

Close to the edge of the mountains, at the foot of the Ringkogel, over which the Romans built the Säumerstrasse, lies the town of Hartberg amidst country which has been cultivated since the earliest times. Today it is the seat of various administrative authorities, an outpost of northern East Styria. The fine lines of the baroque tower of the local parish church puts it ahead of many other pleasing pieces of architecture in Hartberg.

Pöllau, the market-town between Rabenwald and Massenberg has become famous on account of its old monastery church, a spacious building distinguished by its fine workmanship. The most important interior decoration is the painting by the Master who created the Pöllau frescoes, Matthias von Götz.

The ancient Monastery of the Prebendaries at Vornau stands in solitary grandeur. Founded in the 12th century, razed to the ground by fire and rebuilt, ravaged by wars and consequently fortified like a castle, showing signs of decay yet refurbished in the styles of successive periods with added beauties, it has always been a centre of monastic discipline and learning, and of the religious and educational work carried on by the priests in the mountains and valleys of the district. The church has two German towers. On the walls of its brightly-lit interior the Masters of the early 18th century have put all the joyful triumph of the baroque age into their paintings, colouring and stucco work. The sacristy is known for its "Judgement Day", and "Last Supper",

by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscript.

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musical notes enlivening the warm nights and sun-drenched, dreamy days. The more abundantly the vines have blossomed, the sweeter the ripening grapes, the more wind rattles are set up to protect the cherished fruit. In their thousands they are supposed to scare away the bold thrushes and starlings. Although when they sound loudly a cloud of scared birds rises into the sky, they soon settle again among the sweet grapes. The wind-rattles really contribute more to the atmosphere of this part of the country than to the effective protection of the wine. Visitors as well as natives adore them; you quickly learn to distinguish the notes of one from another. On stormy nights of hail and thunder, it is as if they were calling in alarm to the ruler of the clouds.

Syrian attributes:

*Dear but gallant the Emmentaler,
Charming the Ausseer girl,
Thoughtful and grave the Murbodenner.
Solomon, good trencherman the East
Stryian,
Easily roused the Graser,
Soft of heart the Lower Stryian.
And all tough and courageous in the
cause of the Motherland.*

up or dug out to form ditches and pits; between them stand the narrow sheds containing slabs of dried peat. The valley extends as a wilderness filled with the humming of a myriad insects busy above the red carpet of wild mustard out of which rise blackberry brambles and the white trunks of young birches. The Kulm, a tree-clad hill on the pale summit of which stands the pilgrimage church of Frauenberg, rises steeply from the banks of the Enns. With two towers and light coloured walls the old shrine reflects the light of the surrounding mountain peaks, which look like a festive garland supporting the blue of the heavens. For half a century the abbots of Admont have cherished this church of Our Gracious Lady with artistic and more than loving generosity. In the "Turkish Year" (1683) the church was invested with its baroque pomp as a worthy framework for the old shrine, to which Johann Thaddäus Stammel later added a glorious wreath in the shape of a delightful choir of angels.

A narrow avenue of chestnut trees leads to a Calvary Mount on the fringe of the mountains. The group around the Cross rises above a weather-beaten wall. It is the work of peasant hands and has an impressive solemnity seen

against the background of the distant mountains. In the valley below the Enns emerges, a green and glittering torrent, to flow through meadows and alder bushes to Admont.

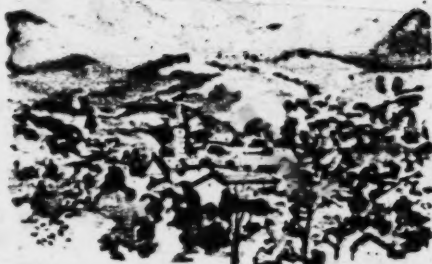
The two slender towers of the Abbey which are seen by the tourist from a long way off, were only built after the great fire of 1865, but the surrounding settlement and the foundation of the monastery date back to the earliest history of the Province.

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Latest research claims to have established that the name Admont is of Illyrian origin, and that the "region of plentiful water" which this name suggests in Illyrian had therefore long been inhabited by human beings—by fishermen, woodsmen and hunters—when monks from St. Peter in Salzburg came, in 1047, to the monastery. It had been built by Archbishop Eberhard with money given by St. Hemma of Gurk, there to found what became one of the most prosperous and best known cultural centres of the Province. Worship and science, art, agriculture

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Bad Aussee.

and forestry all found a home here. Progress and civilisation were spread through the surrounding virgin forests and through the properties which had been given to the monastery in Sausal and Untersteier. Often threatened by fire, the monastery has succeeded in preserving undamaged its famous treasury, the library with the frescoes of Althomonte and the masterpieces of

J. T. Stammel up to the present day. During the heyday of the monastery, the flower of Austria's youth took their vows here, a long line of artists, men of learning and priests being noted in the chronicles of the monks during the course of a whole century. The great world, however, has forgotten most of their names, although historians still speak of Abbot Heinrich II, whose gifts, of statesmanship resulted in the dignity of a Governor of Styria being added to his title of Abbot before he was treacherously murdered in 1297.

Better remembered in our own times are the names of the scholars Richard Feinlich and Albert von Muchar, after whom streets have been named by the provincial capital.

After a short, enforced pause, the rule of St. Benedict was re-established in the almost 900 year old cloister, a monastic revival in modern times of a venerable past.

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Towards the north, beyond the little village of Hall, where salt was crystallized out of the waters in the 12th century, and the hidden, solitary mills, the Haller Mauern majestically enclose the Admont Valley. How grand are the names of the Steinberge—Pyhrgas, Hochturm, Hexenturm and Natternriegel! And how grandly their cliffs and peaks glow beneath the summer sky. For nearly half the year through clear and frosty wintry days they are covered with a glittering mantle of snow.

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To the South the jagged Hahnstein rears its head, blocking the view to the higher peaks of Sparafeld and the Reichenstein. On the slopes of the Klosterkogel lies Rorhelstein Castle. Lime trees stand in the outer courtyard, which is surrounded by a turreted and loopholed wall. A massive archway leads to the Residence which is known as a fine example of 17th and 18th century architecture.

2 [i.e. Admont Monastery—Analyst]

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Göttweig Monastery; view from Stein-on-the-Danube.

red top-boots and white leather accoutrements, you would not have been surprised.

When the happy crowd went on to Dürnstein, was it still an excursion? Was not it rather a dipping into the romance of the past? "At the Sign of the Singer Blondel" or "At the Sign of King Richard the Lion Hearted" are names of inns there. And when you lay up above on the remains of a castle wall, the dark water streaming past below and the dark forests gleaming on the

slopes of the mountains, you had for the first time the feeling of getting to know the spirit of a countryside and of being close to all the fateful events it had seen.

Melk is throned in majesty. From a massive parapet of stone rise Prandtauer's glorious towers. The Monastery is vast and overpowering. It was the birthplace of law and order in the Danube district, as of Austrian culture and literature. The treasures which the magnificent library offers to the mind can hardly be grasped by the eye.

Everyone should at least once have seen the colourful silk dresses and shimmering gold bonnets of the women from the Wachau district. How lovely when the evening light falls on them as it did that time in Göttweig, and you hear the moving rhythm of the song: "So come we go in the full moon's light."

THE WALDVIERTEL. Eggenburg lies almost on the dividing-line between vineyards and forests, gently warmed by virtue of the declining and widening slopes. But high above, around the Nebelstein, the wind blows chill and raw. There the oats have to be mown by mitten-covered hands. As the Ottenschlag saying has it:—"Three-quarters of the year winter, one quarter cold." In places there are enormous blocks of stone which have carefully to be avoided by the plough. Vast forests of pine give the countryside a dark and rugged hue, relieved only by



Weissenkirchen.

776 there in the days of Charlemagne. In 1926 St. Martin was made the patron saint of the Burgenland. But the fact that every self-respecting Burgenländer insists on eating roast goose on St. Martin's day is not necessarily due to his piety. Since the days of the Carolingians, a number of places in the Burgenland have been connected with St. Martin either by their names or by the dedication of a church. The most southerly is St.-Martin-on-the-Raab.



Schlaining.

792 From St. Martin it is not far to St. Gotthard. This monastery, just across the frontier, was founded by French Cistercians in 1194. It is a curious coincidence that in the Battle of St. Gotthard in 1664, where the Turks were defeated in open conflict for the first time, French troops played a

decisive part. The battlefield lies within the Burgenland parish of Mogensdorf. The name of the neighbouring village, Maria-Bild-bei-Weichselbaum, recalls the legend that a wonder-working picture of the Virgin was brought from a forest shrine to the village church, but transferred itself back to its

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Kittsee.

original site, where a church was then built.

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Even in the days of the Carolingians the rivers of Lafnitz and Pinka contributed to the establishment of settlers in the Burgenland. The Lafnitz today forms a natural boundary with Styria. If you follow the line of the Pinka northwards you will find that it crosses the frontier of Austria seven times.

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The same typically Burgenland villages are to be found on either side, inhabited by a mixed Croat and German population. The river fortress of Eberau in this district is perhaps the least known castle in Austria.

In its upper reaches the Pinka like the other Burgenland rivers—the Raab, Lafnitz, Güns, Rabnitz, Eicha and Leitha—unites the Burgenland with the Styrian-Lower-



Lendras.

and on the Eisenberg and the pyrite rocks at Redischlag are instances of the varying types of soil.

Unique in Central Europe, however, is the asbestos of Rechnitz and the Styrian jade from Bernstein. The green, veined stone is really beautiful. It comes to the workers who have inherited their trade from father to son as uninteresting stone splinters. The final products can be seen at the Vienna fair—unbelievably delicate vessels and translucent vases. The finest examples have gone to all parts of the world. The late King Alfonso of Spain even took some of them with him into exile.



The Burgenland is a country of ancient traditions, legends and memories. The story of the good prince Giletus and his wicked wife is supposed to explain the origin of the Neusiedler Lake. Then there is the legend of the "Wasserstoffel", a creature like a human being which lived in the Neusiedler Lake like a fish and, caught and tamed, emptied a whole sack of frogs, snails and water-snakes on to the banqueting table of his adored young mistress at her marriage, because this seemed to him to be a most delicate dish. The wedding gift was anything but well received, and the poor, Wasserstoffel, who had meant it well, fled in despair and was never seen again. The Templar knights, who lost the castle of Lockenhaus through treachery, are said still to haunt it. In one of the most beautiful castles there occasionally appears a "White Lady", gentle and gracious.

The son of Wolfers von Güssing and his grandsons were called Henz, and from these proud lords whose family was one of the most powerful in the Burgenland the inhabitants are supposed to have received the name of Heinzen.

Between Güns and the Carolingian Lutzmannsburg lies the monastery of Marienberg. It was founded in 1194 as a branch of the Austrian Cistercians of Heiligenkreuz, who about this time were granted estates on the shores at the Neusiedler Lake, where the name of Mönchhof still recalls their memory.

Frankenau and a number of neighbouring parishes are inhabited by Croats. This race is to be found in many other villages scattered throughout the whole Province. How they got there, we shall see later. First let us visit the basket weavers.

*Danube Wharf (Kai).*

enlivening and refreshing it day by day with fresh forest winds and cool breezes from the Danube.

From the vineyards of Nussdorf rises up the forest-crowned head of the Kahlenberg, favourite mountain of the Viennese and a last outpost of the Wienerwald, the extensive hill country to the north-west of the City. Its fields and deciduous forests form a vast recreational garden of recreation for tired city folk in search of fresh air. Few other cities can boast of such a large and unspoilt natural preserve in the immediate neighbourhood of the granite sea of tenement buildings.

A short walk brings us to the adjacent Leopoldsberg. Here you can sit in the little tavern gardens drinking the excellent wine which is grown a little lower down, near Grinzing and Nussdorf, and gaze at the green domes of Klosterneuburg monastery, the steamers on the Danube with their trailing banners of smoke, the fields along the banks and the Stefansturm which rises like a fountain of stone. One thinks of the days when the merry Babenbergers still held sway here above and pious Margrave Leopold founded the monastery of Klosterneuburg on the spot where he found the wind-tossed veil of his lady.

Downwards from the Leopoldsberg leads a beautiful, shady, wooded path. A visit to the monastery is well worth while, for all our Austrian monasteries have been very important centres of art and learning by virtue of their architecture, their art collections and their libraries; Klosterneuburg enjoys apart from this the best of reputations as a college for church music. The famous school of the town of Klosterneuburg for vine and fruit-growing dates from the times when our monasteries were strictly organised working communities which spread considerable material culture.

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The Trautson Palace.

792 The buildings of the monastery lie on a rocky plateau, the western part of which
346 appears as a picturesquely gothic tangle of dark stairways and steeply towering supporting walls, while the east of the plateau, crowned by the two mighty cupolas beneath the German Imperial Crown and the Austrian Ducal Coronet, reveals the entire splendour of the mid-baroque period. The best view of the two domes is to be had from the monastery park. To the South the slender, new-gothic church spires are etched against the blue of the sky.

Climbing a long, steep flight of steps, the Pfisterstiege, one reaches the Leopoldihof with its splendid gothic bay window and its fountain with the renaissance figure of the Babenberger Leopold III. The outward sign of the power with which it was invested at the time of its foundation and which it succeeded in asserting for centuries, is the great monastery church.

[532] The most valuable work of art of the monastery is the Verduner Altar which stands in the Leopoldskapelle—a world-famous work dating from the end of the 12th century.

In the building of the monastery we enter the realm of dreams and magic of true Austrian baroque. Its creator was the Milan architect, Donato Felice d'Allio.

The greatest curiosity of the rich monastery museum is a collection of romanic ivory objects, small boxes, portable altars and Italian bronzes. In its very

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The Praterstrasse with the Carlskirche.

extensive library the art-lover is fascinated by the beautiful illuminated manuscripts and the family tree of the Babenberg rulers. The treasury contains the Austrian Ducal Coronet and rare goldbeaters' work of the Middle Ages.

The city itself climbs up to the heights of the Hermannskogel and the Kahlenberg, extending as far as Klosterneuburg, Mödling, Schwechat and even beyond the Lobau district. But it is hoped that this virgin zone of woods and fields will prevent the disappearance of many cherished villages, prevent the picturesque 'Biedermeier' gardens being swallowed up by tenement houses and ensure that the wonderful boating and bathing centre which Vienna possesses on the Old Danube does not lose even a foot of ground to industry and factories.

The historic little country parishes of Nussdorf and Heiligenstadt, Sievering, Grinzing and Liebhartsal, of Hietzing, Mauer and Perchtoldsdorf have grown together in a semi-rural region where nature, modern villas and ancient structures blend pleasingly. The "Heurige" wine-gardens of Kahlenberg, Neustift-am-Wald, Rodaun and Maria Enzersdorf hold within their little flowered courtyards that true Viennese "Gemütlichkeit" (easy-going cordiality) which loves life and the fleeting moment for its own sake. You clink glasses with your neighbour, drinking, in the joy of your heart, to the health of the stranger beside you, who himself feels the same about you. Many an